



BY HENRY J. FORD.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN ROLFE sat looking at the letter inviting him to spend Christmas at Sinnerup Manor. There was a postscript, brief and unadorned:

"I hope Mr. Rolfe will be able to come."
"E. C."

Even the fact that she had signed her initials instead of her name stirred his feelings. It seemed to be the suggestion of a confidential relation that he was expected to understand.

It was a lovely vision that stood smiling before him in his musing—a clear, transparent complexion, flashing blue eyes, a stately bearing. She had inherited the beauty and wit of her mother, an accomplished English lady whom Mr. Craydocke had won to be the mistress of his Maryland home and whose death was still a poignant sorrow.

The old manor-house and its hearty entertainments came before him. A part of the scene, but out of place in it, there was his old self—a quiet, studious, moody young man, Mr. Henry Craydocke's private secretary by title, but really a sort of upper servant, for he had been bought by the lord of the manor, one among a shipload of convicts and redemptioners sold at Annapolis into service for a term of years to pay the expenses of their passage to Lord Baltimore's plantations. Who he really was he did not know.

He remembered having a happy home and a loving widowed mother before he was kidnapped by a crip in an English seaport town and shipped across the sea. His fate was not an extraordinary one; for so great was the demand for labor in the tobacco plantations in the provinces that the exportation of servants was a profitable business, and kidnapping was not unusual. Craydocke took the trouble to write to correspondents in England about the case, but got no tidings of the boy's family.

Rolfe would have never dared to entertain a thought of love for Edith Craydocke had she not encouraged him. There was a strong element of coquetry in her nature, not so well restrained as it would have been had she had a mother's care. She was not indifferent to the companionship of an intellectual man; nor could she resist the temptation to see whether her arts were effective against this proud, sensitive, self-contained spirit as upon the boisterous and effusive planters. It was a cruel piece of work, and its progress was frequently interrupted by self-reproaches. The idea of permitting the ex-servant to address the heiress of Sinnerup Manor she never entertained for a moment, while she fully recognized his superiority to the other men with whom she came in contact. But his pride and self-control were a challenge to her powers of fascination that she would not forego.

It was a painful subjection to him. It was not alone that he brooded over this fair creature with love that was unrequited, but his heart was also subjected to the corrosions of jealousy. He detested Lord Creighton, the insolent London lord who had come over from England in Governor Sharpe's train, and was amusing himself by making love to Miss Craydocke. Creighton had a strong admiration for the colonial beauty, and in his arrogant letters to London cronies expatiated with great warmth upon the attractions of the game he was pursuing.

Lord Creighton disliked Rolfe, the more so as the latter was once witness to a humilia-

to a complainant actress; but in Rolfe's opinion it was rank offense, when addressed to a young lady in Miss Edith's position. The impression of the *Gazette* containing this fine effusion reached the manor just before Christmas, and Miss Edith read it with an amused expression, and discussed it with a levity that was not altogether relished by Lord Creighton. Miss Edith herself showed it to Rolfe.

"Have you seen the copy of the verses in the *Gazette*, Mr. Rolfe, which are talked of so much?"

Rolfe extended his hand for the paper. She withdrew it, smiling.

"Nay, I want to read it to you."

It was hard to criticize while the delicious music of her voice was thrilling him, but he tried to give some attention to the language.

"What do you think of it?"

"I think, madam, his muse makes a familiar approach."

"Ah, do you?" (eying him). But, then, it is addressed to some ideal being (quickly). Why do you hide the productions of your muse. I know you write poetry."

Rolfe (with some confusion—"Oh, my poor effusions are not worth your examination, madam. I have writ but little, and that to fill up some idle hours." [He bows.]

A glance and a slight gesture told him to the place. She inclined her lovely head, and said, softly:

"I want you, then, to give some of those hours to me. That is, when you have nothing better to think of. You must write me a poem. Will you?"

Rolfe, dazed and ecstatic, bowed, stammered and consented. He thought afterward that he must have appeared stupid and ill-bred not to have made a fitting acknowledgment of the compliment of so gracious a proposal.

On Christmas Eve, when Miss Edith, tired with her supervision of the preparations for the festivities of the next day, retired to her room, her maid handed her the following:

Sylvia, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast?
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be expressed.
In my silence she the lover—
True love is by silence known.
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own.

It was a bad time for the poet's offering. She was experiencing one of those ebbs of geniality to which the possessors of high animal spirits are subject, and she was languid and dispirited. Under most circumstances this audacity would have commanded her admiration, even while she would have made known to him the poet's name.

The next morning she ignored him and busied herself with her guests. He was perturbed and anxious. Walking around the porch—after the enormous Christmas dinner was over, and the ladies had gone up stairs to rest and prepare themselves for the dance at night, while the gentlemen had gone off to have a cock fight—he surprised Lord Creighton with his arm about Miss Edith snatching a kiss from her cheek.

He had but a momentary glance; but it seemed to his gloomy fancy to be as coarse and undignified an encounter as the bustling matches of Hodge and Betty in the servants' quarters. He did not see the majestic wrath with which Edith brought the audacious assailant, tipsey as he was, cringing to her feet,

gasping out abject apologies. He could not know that in indulging that reckless impulse Lord Creighton had wrecked the edifice of esteem that had so laboriously built up in Edith's mind. Rolfe could not know these things, and she sickened with horror and disgust. Something of this must have displayed itself in his expression, for when Miss Edith swept loftily into the house, she turned upon him with carnation cheeks and flashing eyes. He gravely awaited her pleasure, and for once language failed her. She could not admit that he had any right to an understanding of her conduct, and yet the idea of having made a false impression upon him galled her. She escaped from the embarrassment by a flank movement.

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Leaving Creighton gasping and paralyzed by this shaft, Rolfe walked deliberately into the doorway into the hall. Miss Craydocke stood on the stairway pale and agitated. She looked at him with an appealing glance. He bowed with ceremonious politeness, walked out of the house and, mounting his horse, rode off.

An hour later Rolfe was pacing up and down the tavern parlor, tormented with the excess of unadvised malice. He was reluctant to leave the locality while the score between himself and Lord Creighton was unsettled, and how to bring about a settlement he knew not. A dual was out of the question; Lord Creighton would never accept a challenge from the ex-banishment. Fortune favored him. In the midst of his cogitations a noisy cavalcade arrived—Lord Creighton, the Craydocke boys and some young men of their set. The bar-room was on the same floor as the parlor, separated only by a passage, and Rolfe perceived from their loud and inflated speech that they intended to humiliate him for his headstrong and headstrong.

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"It means that I lay at your feet the love of an honest man, which is more than can be said for another of your suitors."

It was a rude speech. The lady was dumb with fury for a moment. She drew Rolfe's verses from her dress and brandished them in her hands while writing for words.

"What is this?" said her father, who, seated beside her, had been listening to the scene. "These are the verses that were sent to me by a certain person."

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"Then, sir, you shall get out of my house at once!" roared the lord of the manor. Rolfe bowed and walked upstairs to his room, and began to pack his effects.



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Meanwhile Rolfe was bursting with rage and mortification. He understood it all now! Had ever man been such a dupe before? His observation of her intimacy with Lord Creighton had decided her to get rid of him. He laughed bitterly, and basted himself with the packing of his portmanteau, which he sent ahead of him to the house. Then he sought Mr. Craydocke to turn over to him his account books. Craydocke's voice, still pitched in an angry key, was heard in the parlor. Rolfe, like all persons given to habits of introspection, was apt to be awkward and self-conscious when he felt that his movements were being observed; but his spirits rose in the presence of an emergency. In his present mood he was indifferent to everything, and the party who had been craving of fortune was the pleasure of knocking Lord Creighton down. This was a pleasure he determined to have, but he proposed that Lord Creighton should be the aggressor.

He walked into the parlor, smiling and bowing politely, and approached Mr. Craydocke, regardless of the stares to which he was subjected by the ladies and gentlemen in the room. His effrontery astounded Mr. Craydocke, who was not ready of speech, and he listened silently, while in an easy and unembarrassed tone Rolfe gave him some information in regard to the state of his accounts, and called his attention to business matters that needed to be looked to. Rolfe made a formal leave-taking, and as he walked through the room to the doorway, he coolly surveyed the company, devoting to my Lord Creighton, in particular, a cold disdain. That gentlemen was furious to see Rolfe carrying off the honors of the encounter; but he could hardly collect his faculties so as to resolve what he might do and retain his dignity. Controlling his temper with a violent effort, he assumed his most supercilious manner and most exquisite drawl, and advanced toward Rolfe.

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Rolfe, with cold disdain, replied: "I see, my lord, you are determined to take the fullest advantage of your immunity."

Creighton could no longer restrain himself, and made a motion as if to throw himself upon Rolfe, a movement which the latter contemplated with the liveliest satisfaction. The thought of the disgrace of an undignified scuffle with an inferior, in which he might be worsted, flashed across Lord Creighton's mind in time to restrain him; but, catching up a glass of wine, he threw it at his contents in Rolfe's face. Calmly wiping the drops from his face and clothing, Rolfe, in a voice and manner that was contemptuous as possible, remarked in the same cold and deliberate utterance that he had all along maintained:

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AN UNPARALLELED CASE.

Convicted of a Blood Man for Murdering a School-Teacher.

A remarkable trial closed here to-day in the conviction of Charles E. Gaines, a blind man, for murder in the second degree, probably the only case of the kind on record. Charles Gaines was born in Sycamore, Wyandotte county, fifty years ago. At the age of four years he was one day wandering from the door to the barn, where his attention was attracted by a litter of pigs. These struck his fancy, and he appropriated one, and this so enraged the sow that she rushed at him and mangled him terribly, his eyes being destroyed. The child was rescued and recovered, though his eyeballs were entirely gone. In a few years he had developed a remarkable sensitivity of touch, smell and hearing. He had a strong tendency to precociousness, and before he had grown up became the terror of the neighborhood. He would wander about, night and day, without a guide, and was never known to get lost. He knew where every melon patch was, where the best peaches and plums grew, and where the best berries ripened, and was never backward about helping himself to any of these or other delicacies. While yet a boy he was presented with a pair of game chickens by an old minister named Spoford, who resided at Sycamore. The blind boy took great interest in these chickens and raised them. It was not long until he had several game cocks trained for fighting, and would take them about the country to pit against every bird he could get his hands on, and nobody could fool him about the result. Standing among the crowd he always knew whether his chickens were getting the worst or the best of the fight. As he grew to manhood he learned to drink whiskey, and became ugly and quarrelsome.

In 1871 he married Medora Sprague, a graduate of Tiffin High School. For a time he was sober and industrious. He joined the church and made temperance speeches, greatly moving his audiences.

Many are the strange things he has done. He has been seen on a steep roof nailing on shingles, and working as well and as fast as the next man. He could find his way with perfect ease anywhere; could recognize an acquaintance at some distance before he spoke, and horseback recklessly and played the violin finely. His career as a temperance advocate was short, for he soon went back to drinking and abusing his wife and children. The climax was reached last August when he went on a protracted spree, and his wife ordered the saloon-keeper to not sell him any whiskey. The next day Gaines and his nephew, Nathan Echelberry, got drunk on hard cider, and then went to the saloon and demanded whiskey. Failing to get it, they left and tried to borrow a revolver, but could not get one.

They then returned to the saloon, each with a large stone, and again being refused whiskey, they killed the saloon-keeper with the stones. The police arrested Gaines in the cane field, and he was brought in halless, coatless, shoeless and eyeless. With long hair hanging over his shoulders, and his feet bare, he looked like a wild man. For eight months he has sat in jail, amusing himself with his violin. His nephew and accomplice was sent to the penitentiary for life, and his own conviction now follows.

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CRANK INVENTORS.

TWO GENTLEMEN WHO ARE EXPECTED TO STAND AT THE HEAD.

Grand Philanthropic Scheme—Col. Pinchover's Method of Helping Dogs to Train Corpses—Richard Cahill's Plan for Preventing the Death of the World.

No institution in the world receives so many queer letters and curious applications as the patent office at Washington. The fantastic ideas of cranks of the country fly to it like particles to a magnet. The applications that have been made for patents on perpetual motion machines are simply innumerable, and any occurrence producing a strong impression upon the public mind is sure to be followed by a perfect storm of queer inventions. When President Garfield was lying upon his sick bed in the White House the cranks sent in all kinds of models of inventions for reducing the temperature of the sick room. Applications for models of destructive torpedoes, flying machines, etc., are of daily occurrence, but the palm for grotesque inventions is awarded by the much-enduring officials to Mr. Michael Cahill and Morris Pinchover, Esq.

Both of these gentlemen are well known at Washington, and it must be said of them that their inventions are thoroughly philanthropic in their conception. Mr. Pinchover has noticed with deep concern the difficulties which he thinks beset dogs when they turn corners, hence he has invented a device for adjustable dog's tails.

The colonel's title is of unknown derivation, but as titles are very cheap in this country, nobody begrudges him his colonelcy. He is short and wiry, his hair is worn long like the typical cowboy or an Indian herb doctor, and he generally wears a slouch hat a la militaire. He carries with him a cylindrical case, which contains maps and diagrams of his great invention. Here is the description given of it in his application for a patent which was accompanied by this diagram:

Fig. 2. B—Adjustable tail.

To all whom it may concern: Be it known that I, Maurice Pinchover, late of the U. S. A., and an acclimated citizen of the U. S. A., residing at St. Elizabeth, in the county of Washington and State of Columbia, have invented certain new and useful improvements in "detachable dogtails."

My invention has relation to improvements in artificial tails for dogs and other animals, and the novelty consists in providing a detachable tail for dogs and the like, whereby the gravity of the tail may be overcome, so as to facilitate the rapid and safe movement of the animal in turning abrupt corners and other angles, such as corners, etc., without injury to the dog or his tail.

In the case of dogs and other animals born or deprived of their tails, it is a well-known fact that when once started in a given direction, after a certain momentum is acquired, it is impossible for the dog to change his direction, and consequently, when he arrives at a corner which he desires to round, instead of turning it he flies off at a tangent and goes by.

By my device these objections are overcome, and when the gravity tail (a hollow cylinder in tube) is attached to the dog, and he arrives at a corner which he desires to round, he turns, and the tail automatically swings to the left, and the hind legs of the dog act as a pivot, the head and body of the dog is thrown around to the right, and he is then enabled to pursue the new direction. The same effect is produced should the dog wish to change his direction at any point.

In testimony whereof I affix my signature in presence of two witnesses:

MAURICE PINCHOVER.
PATRICK BOLIVAR.
N. P. & N. G.

The names of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the justice is written evidently by some wagtail friend of the colonel.

Mr. Cahill's invention is far more comprehensive. His idea is that the accumulation of ice at the poles of the earth will in course of time produce a disruption at the equator, and a general smash of all earthly affairs, compared to which a terrible earthquake would be a mere soporific. Mr. Cahill wants far more comprehensive. His idea is that the accumulation of ice at the poles of the earth will in course of time produce a disruption at the equator, and a general smash of all earthly affairs, compared to which a terrible earthquake would be a mere soporific.

Mr. Cahill states his theory as follows: Too much rain has been allowed to accumulate around the poles of the earth, being conveyed there by the atmospheric and electric currents. There it forms into vast mountains of ice, which, exerting hydrostatic and hydraulic force, is gradually crushing in the earth's crust. If this crushing in takes place, the globe may be exploded like a bomb, some of its solid contents being driven among the millions, which are the debris of other planets (with all their inhabitants), destroyed in similar manner, like causes producing like effects. The accumulation of ice around the poles, and its annual melting to some extent and repelling, causes the gyratory motion of the earth, which has produced the recession of the equinox and lengthened the year.

The inventor's scheme to avoid this dread catastrophe is to devise means for obtaining an artificial rainfall upon that area of the earth's surface which is located between the two pole belts of the globe, thereby preventing the great rains at the poles, which are, as the theorist claims, mainly instrumental in accumulating the enormous mountains of ice in those high regions.

Mr. Cahill has had some difficulty in getting a patent, however, for his specifications, but by the operation of some law of sympathy in due time he made the acquaintance of Colonel Pinchover, who made out his specifications for him and prepared the accompanying diagrams.

His device is as follows: He directs that large captive balloons, armed with steel poles and big reflectors of light,

of vapor from the sun become too vast, or spicula, and are propelled by electric and wind currents to the poles. Strong currents of electricity are sent up to the balloons and complete electric communication established between the earth and the higher strata of the air. The steel points on the balloons becoming electrified, attract the vesicles of vapor, described above, "impaling them," to use Cahill's language, and precipitate them below the moisture belt, where they melt and fall to the earth as rain. To assist this, the reflectors of heat, etc., play an important part.

Another scheme is to have tall towers of iron or telescopic construction erected upon high eminences. Inside of these towers tremendous currents of warm air and steam are injected upward to the atmospheric zones of ice, thereby subserving the melting of "ice spicula," as described above.

The inventor's third scheme consists of immense burning glasses placed on the surface of the earth of such magnitude that the sun's rays will pierce through cloudland and focus in that mysterious region that floats around the globe, melting the ice spicula and producing rain. Cahill was thwarted in his philanthropic designs, as he was refused a patent, but he still feels the proud consciousness that if the earth goes to smash it will not be his fault.

Botanical Gardens on Great St. Bernard. In order to prevent the total destruction of rare Alpine plants by collectors or traders, an attempt is being made to establish botanical gardens in suitable places on the Great St. Bernard and on the Simplon, near Zermatt.

Not the Answer He Wanted. "Why is it," said a husband to his wife, "that married women, as a rule, are such terrible gossipers?" "Because they find much attractive listeners in their husbands," replied the lady easily.

SHORT ITEMS OF FACTS. Briefly, a reputation which endures and increases with the progress of time, and which, after the lapse of many years, is more widely and firmly established than ever before, can only be founded upon superior merit. This is concisely the history of He-No Tea.

The first tea sold in England was imported by the Dutch East India Company in 1599, and was shipped from Batavia, the capital of India.

The first China Green Tea from China arrived in England in 1707.

Use He-No Tea because it is pure. If you question its purity, ask your doctor about it.

If you like a fine flavor in Tea, then try He-No Tea, for its flavor being its natural one, it is the best.

Every cent of the cost of He-No Tea is to be found in the drinking qualities. Nothing is paid for appearance; it is a very homely Tea.

The metal-lined packages in which you buy He-No Tea preserve its strength and flavor unimpaired.

Farmers, buy your Tea like you buy your horse—because he is a good worker. He-No Tea will do twenty-four hours' work a day, and never tire.

When you make up your mind to try He-No Tea, ask your storekeeper for it; he can get it for